

# Sweetwater Forerunner.

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## TERMS:

THE FORERUNNER IS PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY  
At Two Dollars a Year,  
Payable in Advance.

No attention paid to orders for the paper unless accompanied by the Cash.  
Advertisements will be charged \$1.00 per square of ten lines, or less, for the first insertion, and 50 cents for each continuance. A liberal deduction made to parties who advertise by the year.  
Persons sending advertisements should mark the number of times they desire them inserted, or they will be continued until forbid and charged accordingly.  
Transient advertisements must be paid for at the time of insertion.  
Communications, to secure insertion, must be accompanied by the name of the authors.

ARKANSAS.—"Jury," said an Arkansas judge, "you kin go out; and don't you show your ugly mug till you find a verdict. If you can't find one of your own, get the one the last jury used."

It is stated by the Knoxville Whig that over six hundred houses, of all kinds, will be built this year in that flourishing city. There is a large demand for labor, lumber and brick.

Bullock (Radical) was elected Governor of Georgia by about 7,000 majority. The majority for the Constitution is about 15,000.

The editor of the Richmond Examiner writes a column and a half editorial favoring the nomination of a baboon for Vice President with General Grant.

The State debt of New York amounts to more than \$56,000,000, besides its canal debt of something over \$18,000,000. It is supposed the whole will be paid in ten years.

Keep it before all sluggards that the "Banner woman" has green peas, grown upon her own lot, large enough for cooking purposes. The old lady flatters herself that she is ahead of all her neighbors in having early peas.—*Cleveland Banner, 7th.*

Down in Mississippi at a colored Sabbath school, a few weeks ago, the devout teacher asked the question, "Who died for you?" After a spell of silence and a spell of whispering, a "little nig" about forty years old replied, "Abram Linkum."

"I have not loved lightly," as the man said when he married a widow weighing three hundred pounds.

RETIRED.—Nelson S. Cobleigh, editor of the "Athens Republican," has retired from its editorial management. It didn't take him long to get his "d—d satisfy" of editing a little, filthy, dirty Radical sheet. The Republican has only been in existence about ten months, during which time it has changed hands about half a dozen times. The "official paper of McMinn and adjoining counties," appears to have a hard time in getting somebody to run it. The poor sickly thing may live till November, when, we predict it will go very dead. Milt will find out that it won't pay like buying and selling negroes.  
[*Cleveland Banner.*]

POPULATION OF KNOXVILLE.—The report of the census of Knoxville shows the following facts in regard to the population:

White men over 21 years of age,	1,751
White women over 21 years of age,	1,491
White males under 21 years of age,	1,308
White females under 21 years,	1,381
Total Whites,	5,931
Colored men over 21 years of age,	700
Colored women over 21 years of age,	817
Colored males under 21 years of age,	528
Colored females under 21 years,	597
Total Colored	2,642
Total population	8,573

This is an increase of about 3,600 since the last census in 1860.

[*Press and Herald.*]

An old Norwegian fable tells how the original bear lost his tail by getting it into a hole. He met a fox who had some fish, and asked how he might catch some. "Drop your tail into a hole in the ice," replied the fox; "let it be in the water a long time—never mind the pain, they are bites—then pull it out suddenly and you will have a large haul of fish." Brin did so, and the hole froze up; by and by he gave a leap, and instead of getting any fish he lost his tail.

## Short Paragraphs.

Envy is destroyed by true friendship. Some fishermen use cotton for bait; so do some women.

In the United States, during the past year, twenty tons of postage stamps have been used.

Several white women recently married negroes in Guilford County, North Carolina.

If you would look "spruce" in your old age, you must not "pine" in your youth.

Mrs. Partington has come to the conclusion that there is no use trying to catch soft water when it rains so hard.

A wealthy widow, advertising for an agent, was overwhelmed with applications. The printer had made it a *gent*!

The new Methodist Church, to be built in Washington, will be an elegant Gothic edifice, costing \$200,000.

If a blackguard complains to you that you don't seem to know how to take him, take him by the nose.

The song of the repentant husband after knocking his wife down—"Come rest in this bosom, my own stricken dear."

A young Neapolitan princess, whose bridal toilet is just completed, has sixteen lace dresses of the finest quality.

A young lady in England found papa had put a check for \$50,000 under her wedding breakfast plate. Dear papa.

A great brute of a husband advertised in the morning paper for a strong able-bodied man to hold his wife's tongue.

A man who wanted to rent out lodgings to early risers, at Danbury, Conn., advertised that Cochon China fowls of unusual vocal powers were kept on the adjoining premises.

It is said that it makes no difference whether the spring is early or late, on the 15th of June; by that time, one year with another, vegetation has made about the same progress.

The four largest States in the Union are Texas, 274,356 square miles; California, 188,981 square miles; Nevada, 112,690 square miles; and Colorado, 104,500 square miles.

There are now three hundred women at the Broadway theatres who can kick a man's hat off, though he be six feet high. There ought to be no more cant against the elevating tendency of art.

Without sorrow, life would be no better than a dream. Grief is reality, and though bitter as wormwood, mortals love it, for it makes them feel themselves, and know the value of each other.

A man who has a sweetheart named Lize is not to be believed in anything, for he's always telling Lize about everything.

The funniest incident that has lately transpired is the case of a doting mother, who, being satisfied that her child merited a flogging, first had him placed under the influence of chloroform.

A married lady lately found her two sons quarreling, and in the hope of putting an end to the difference, uttered the following threat: "You young rascals, if you don't stop directly I will tell both of your fathers!"

"My son, would you suppose that the Lord's Prayer could be engraved in the space of the area of a nickel cent?" "Yes, father, if a cent is as big in everybody's eyes as it is in yours I don't think there would be any difficulty in putting it on about four times."

A green one who had crossed the Atlantic Ocean tells a tale of a storm where the rain poured down in such torrents that the ocean rose ten inches. "There's no mistake about it," said he; "besides, the captain kept a mark on the side of the vessel."

Dryden, on the night that one of his plays was damned, was walking from the theatre when he was met by a coxcomb acquaintance, who said: "Dryden, my boy, I feel for you! Can there be anything more shocking to a poet's feelings than a damned play?" "Yes, sir, a damned fool," replied the poet.

It is indeed a rare thing to see all of one mind in a house; if they coincide in opinion, they too often differ in temper and in practice. It is only in that home where Jesus wants to receive us that the need will cease of bearing one another's burdens, of being pitiful, being courteous, and of remembering ourselves lest we also be tempted.

It is a little remarkable that the book whose contents are more generally interesting than any other has never been printed. The curiosity of the intelligent reader will be allayed when we state that the book alluded to is the pocket-book.

## WASHINGTON NEWS.

WASHINGTON, May 5.—The Reconstruction Committee met and did nothing.

The debt statement shows the debt bearing coin interest to have decreased twenty millions, and that bearing currency interest to have decreased twenty one and a quarter millions. The total debt has decreased ten millions one hundred thousand. The debt, less cash in the Treasury, has decreased eighteen and a half millions.

It is stated that Fessenden, Henderson and Grimes have each prepared opinions looking to acquittal. This is improbable, but betters on conviction are holding off.

Nothing has transpired regarding the routine to-morrow after Bingham closes. He will close about two o'clock.

This evening's Express says "the feeling to-day, among the Radicals as well as the Democrats, is that the chances are decidedly in favor of the acquittal of the President."

This evening's Star says the bears have it in the impeachment stock market to-day. Bets are two to one for acquittal, and why, nobody knows.

It is stated that a majority of the reconstruction committee favor the admission of the Arkansas delegation on the completion of impeachment.

The President transmitted the South Carolina and Arkansas constitutions to the House to-day, and they were referred to the reconstruction committee.

WASHINGTON, May 7.—A prolonged secret session resulted in the adoption of the following:

"That the Court adjourn to Monday at 11 o'clock, when it will consider rules, and the vote on the several articles shall be taken at noon, Tuesday, without debate. Speeches shall be limited to fifteen minutes on the entire subject, and not on each article. Members may file written opinions within ten days after the vote on the articles, to be published with the proceedings."

A motion, regarding the form in which the Chief Justice shall put the question to Senators, was tabled.

A TOUGH CUSTOMER.—As Tucker, the burglar, was leaving the criminal court room just after Judge John Hugh Smith had sentenced him, the following colloquy ensued:

"Judge, how long did you say I'd have to stay out there in the penitentiary?"

"Three years, sir," replied the Judge.

"Oh, that ain't much! Why, Judge, I could stand on my head in 1-3 three years, and it wouldn't faze!"

And with a grin and a smirk Tucker turned on his heel and walked rapidly away with the sheriff.—*Union and Dispatch, (Nashville).*

INFORMATION WANTED.—I lost a brother during the war, or at least have not heard from him since October, 1864. He belonged to Vaughn's brigade of cavalry, and was in the quartermaster's department—was at Jonesboro, Tenn. His description—Thos. R. Orr, Pontotoc, Miss., twenty-five years old, five feet, eight or nine inches high, dark skin, black hair and whiskers and very heavy. Address me at Pontotoc, Miss. V. B. Orr

PARDONS.—A couple of negroes that were sentenced to the Penitentiary, passed through the city a few days ago. They requested the officer in charge of them to let them stop and see old Proc, and get their pardons. The officer told them to wait until they got to Nashville, so that he could get his pay for the full trip.—*Press and Herald.*

Mr. Evarts, whose speech on the impeachment trial will take its place among the very greatest displays of forensic eloquence in this or any other age, is reported to have stated, in reply to the suggestion that it was somewhat curious that so prominent a leader of the Republican party should become one of the President's defenders, that among other things he desired to save that party from suicide. He regarded the conviction of Mr. Johnson as the death-blow of the organization to which he was proud to belong, and he was bound to save it, if possible, from a policy that could succeed only to destroy.  
[*Washington Express.*]

LAND AND COWS.—An old Ohio farmer declares that the average price of improved lands corresponds in dollars to the price of butter in cents. He says that when land was \$10 per acre, butter was ten cents per pound; now that it is from \$40 to \$50 per acre, butter is from 40 to 50 cents per pound. He values milk cows at \$10 for each gallon of milk they give per day. A cow that gives five gallons per day is worth \$50, one that gives six gallons is worth \$60, and so on.

THE AUGUSTA ROW.—The Chronicle gives the following particulars:

The day passed off quietly up to about five o'clock, at which time there were about three hundred negroes and about seventy-five whites in the Court House yard, crowding around the steps, waiting the closing of the polls, all peaceable and orderly. About this time the military Mayor of this unfortunate city—the man appointed by Gen. Pope as chief conservator of the peace—came out of the hall, and, standing in the portico, flourishing a roll of greenbacks, offered to bet one thousand dollars that Bullock was elected. This brag, from the chief Loyal Leaguer, enthused the negroes, who cheered lustily. The whites then cheered for Gordon and others.

One irreverent individual cried out: "You d—d perjured son of a b—, you had better pay off your police with that money." From this time to the closing of the polls there was considerable chaffing. When the polls were closed, Bryant advised his friends to go home. The same advice was given by Mr. Christian and Major Crump to the white citizens present. This last named gentleman had just left the court yard in company with Mr. G. A. Sneed, when the row commenced.

A general fight would have ensued but for the reasons stated above. The negroes brandished their clubs and threw showers of bricks; the whites standing firm and cool. Soon, at the suggestion of Major Crump, the military squad was put in motion, and then the bayonets dispersed the negroes, injuring several, and we hear running one entirely through. The officer in command very wisely ordered his troops not to fire.

THE HIGHWAYMAN'S REWARD.—In 1769 a gentleman was passing late at night over the Pont Neuf (Paris) with a lantern. A man came up to him and said:

"Read this paper!"

He held up his lantern, and read as follows:

"Speak not a word when you've this read,  
Or in an instant you'll be dead!  
Give us your money, watch and rings,  
With other valuable things—  
Then quick, in silence, you depart,  
Or I, with knife, will cleave your heart!"

Not being a man of much pluck, the affrighted gentleman gave up his watch and money, and ran off. He soon gave alarm and the highwayman was arrested.

"What have you to say for yourself?" inquired the magistrate before whom the robber was ushered.

"That I am not guilty of robbery, though I took the watch and money."

"Why not guilty?" asked the magistrate.

"Simply because I can neither read nor write. I picked up that paper just at the moment I met the gentleman with a lantern. Thinking it might be something valuable, I politely asked him to read it for me. He complied with my request, and presently handed me his watch and purse and ran off. I supposed the paper to be of great value to him, and that he thus liberally rewarded me for finding it. He gave me no time to return my thanks, which out of politeness I was ready to perform."

The gentleman accepted the plea of the robber, and withdrew his complaint.

HOW HE DID IT.—A mean man, having a large family, found it rather hard to keep up the table, and adopted the following ingenious plan:

"Who'll take a cent and do without supper?"

"I'll!" exclaimed the children, all eager to get the prize.

The old man pulls out a pocket-book full of red cents, which he keeps for the occasion, and after giving them one apiece sends them off to bed.

The next morning they all look like starved Arabs.

The old man calls them around him, and with an air of gravity asks:

"Who'll give a cent to have a nice warm biscuit for breakfast?"

It is needless to say the cents are forthcoming.

THE GEORGIA ELECTION.—Eighty-four counties gave in the Senate, 13 Democrats and 11 Radicals. In the House 69 Democrats and 46 Radicals. Two negroes are elected to the Senate and twelve to the House. It will take an official count to decide the choice for Governor.

The New Orleans Tribune, said to be the only daily paper in the United States owned and edited by negroes, has suspended for want of support. It supported Taliferro (Independent Republican) for Governor and a native State ticket. Consequently the carpet-baggers deprived it of all official patronage.

THE DRUNKARD'S CURE.—Some months ago a gentleman took rooms at the United States Hotel, and advertised that he had discovered a sure specific for the cure of drunkenness. He would not divulge the secret of what compounds he used, but furnished medicine at so much per bottle. He did not have as many applications to cure as he expected, considering the extent of the disease. In fact the more malignant cases did not seem anxious for relief. They rather appeared to enjoy their malady. A few, however, placed themselves under treatment, and some were cured—whether by taking the medicine or by not taking any strong drinks, we are not prepared to say. One of the cured ones was in our office yesterday, and he informed us that he had faith in the medicine, that he had rigidly carried out the directions of the doctor, and now had not the least taste for intoxicating drinks; whereas, one year ago he was an inebriate, and could not get along with less than a pint to a quart of whiskey per day.

He informed us that he had, at some trouble and expense, procured the recipe for the preparation of the medicine, which he has authorized us to publish for the benefit of suffering humanity. It is as follows: Sulphate of iron, five grains; peppermint water, eleven drachms; spirit of nutmeg, one drachm; twice a day. This preparation acts as a tonic and stimulant, and so partially supplies the place of the accustomed liquor, and prevents that absurd physical and moral prostration that follows a sudden breaking off from the use of stimulating drinks. It is to be taken in quantities equal to an ordinary dram, and as often as the desire for a dram returns. Any druggist can prepare the prescription.—*Louisville Courier.*

WRONG.—The Nashville Gazette appears to take great delight in bringing up the war record of any men who may now be co-operating with the Democratic party and opposing radicalism, who during the war were strong advocates of a vigorous prosecution of the war. It seems to us that the Gazette would do better to leave this work to the radicals. If it looks for consistency in either political party as at present organized, it will look in vain, as the present issues of the day are such as to consolidate for the present all lovers of liberty and republican government, against the advocates of mob law and the tyrannical exponents of surreptitiously obtained majorities; and it does not become any man who professes to be an enemy of radicalism to denounce those who are now working with him for its overthrow, because like the majority of the northern people, they failed to see until the evil was accomplished that in working for a vigorous prosecution of the war, they were giving bad men the power to overthrow our liberties, by the use of war measures in time of peace.—*Press and Herald.*

CHEER UP.—A great many of our friends are complaining of hard times and the scarcity of money. We know how poor people feel, and while the winter was upon us, it was nipped and tucked to get our rations of bread. But thanks to the good Lord, sheep sorrel is putting up, and those of us whose pockets and smoke houses are empty can worry along on that for a few weeks longer. Then other fruits will come, and with plenty of water, (water is a mighty comforting thing, and two or three buckets will fill the stomach so there is no room for other provisions) we may rob the devil of his deserts for a good while yet. Don't be discouraged. Keep a stiff upper lip, and nip off the sorrel. The prophet had no greens, and he lived and did well on what the birds brought in.

A learned professor in a New England college was accustomed to demand of students an excuse whenever they were dilatory at recitation. The excuse given, he invariably added: "Very well, but don't let it happen again." One morning a married student happening to be behind time, was promptly interrogated as to the cause. Slightly embarrassed, he replied, "The truth is, sir, I had an addition to my family this morning, and it was not convenient to be here sooner." "Very well," replied the professor, in his quick, nervous manner, "Very well, but don't let it happen again."

In a town in Maine lived a man who, though yet in middle age, had put on mourning for three wives. In the course of time a fourth was brought home; and in the course of her clearing up and putting things to rights, she found in the attic a long piece of old board, and was about launching it out of the window, when little Sallie interposed and said: "Oh, don't mamma! That is the board papa lays out his wives on, and he wants to save it!" Nevertheless, out it went.